

# BLUE GRASS BLADE.

Vol. II.—No 32.

Lexington, Kentucky, Saturday, February 6, 1892.

Subscription, \$2 a Year.

*Charles L. Moore*  
Editor

**DRUNKENNESS CAN BE CURED.**  
—THE—  
**SILVER ASH**  
**INSTITUTE**  
—FOR THE TREATMENT OF—  
**DRUNKENNESS**  
AND THE  
**OPIUM HABIT.**  
SAFE, SURE, SCIENTIFIC.  
CYNTHIANA, Ky.  
OFFICERS.

C. E. Wharton, O. C. Wheeler,  
President. Manager,  
Dr. L. S. Givens,  
Physician in charge.  
Dr. O. J. Gronendyke,  
Consulting Physician.

CYNTHIANA, Ky., Jan., '92.  
R. B. Neal, Centerville, Ky.  
DEAR SIR—We believe the Silver Ash Institute located in our city for the treatment of the liquor habit and cure of drunkenness is worthy of our commendation, and so far as results are concerned (in one individual case of which we know) the treatment has been satisfactory.

A. Williamson,  
W. L. Northcutt,  
A. A. Dills,  
W. N. Northcutt,  
L. S. Givens, M. D.

From a Lexington Confederate Soldier.

LEXINGTON, Ky., Jan. 2, 1892.  
C. C. Moore,  
DEAR SIR—Mr. J. C. Hays, a worthy farmer who has just moved to Kentucky and bought the Buchanan farm near Versailles, wishes you to send him the Blade; post office address, Versailles, Ky. I enclose you check on Second National for my subscription.

Yours truly,  
THOMAS S. LOGWOOD.

In view of a recent occurrence, it does me good to get the support of a Confederate soldier. No man more exemplary, honest and energetic than Mr. Logwood lives in Lexington, but I never heard it hinted that he wanted an office.

An Unjust Letter that a Christian Preacher Marked "Private."

HOUSE CAVE, Ky., Dec. 31, '91  
Mr. C. C. Moore, Lexington, Ky.  
KIND SIR—You need not send the Blue Grass Blade to me after Jan. 1, '92. I will pay what I owe to that date.

I don't consider that I owe you any subscription to your stock. I subscribed stock in a Prohibition paper, not a paper to be filled with infidelity.

Respectfully,  
W. F. ROGERS

Mr. W. F. Rogers is a preacher in the "Christian" or "Reform" church.

This letter is marked at the top "Private." It is very natural that he should want it to be "private."

I never saw or heard of Mr. Rogers until the time he subscribed to the stock of my paper. I have never seen him since.

His father was the intimate friend of my family. I met his father while I was getting up the stock of my paper and asked him if he would subscribe to it. He said he was not financially able to do so but that his son was, and told me to see him—that he was in town.

I found Mr. W. F. Rogers and handed him the subscription list. I do not recollect what I said to him, but think it was very little. I showed him at the head of the paper the obligation that had already been signed by many of the first citizens in the city.

He read, I think, what I showed him. If he did not read it, he has his own fault. No man ought to sign anything without reading it.

The obligation which he signed simply stated that it was for stock in a newspaper to be edited in Lexington to be called the Blue Grass Blade. It did not say who was to edit it, and did not say what view of politics or religion it would take.

I would quote the heading if I had it at hand. I may have told him it would be for Prohibition, but am quite certain that I did not tell him there would be no

"infidelity" in it. I do not think I told him I was going to edit a Prohibition paper. My impression is that I told him the paper would be "edited in the interests of good morals generally."

It has been edited against all the popular evils, and in favor of all the most salient virtues, of the best of my ability, under the circumstances. Had it been edited in favor of saloons and Democracy, and avowed infidelity, I do not think he could at law avoid the obligation he has signed.

Certain Democrats here among whom were such lawyers as Judge Hunt and Mr. Shelby who wanted to avoid payment of their subscription on the same paper, did not claim at all that they were released by any failure on my part to comply with my part of the contract, real or alleged; but they avoided the payment by defeating the proposed incorporation of the stock holders, and thus availed themselves of a technical advantage.

Men of their standing do not generally avail themselves of a legal advantage, to avoid a debt that has at least some appearance of being equitable, if there is any other plea upon which they can avoid payment. I therefore infer that a learned judge, who was the leader of those who wanted to avoid the payment, has decided that a legal technicality was the plea to which they were driven, and that therefore the defense of Mr. Rogers was not, in the Judge's judgment, a tenable one.

There were other preachers in the Christian church embracing some who were among the most prominent of them, who signed that obligation. There were also other preachers in other churches who signed it. Every one of them has paid, and done it cheerfully, and paid me for their paper, most of them twice—for the year past and the coming year, and have all spoken kindly and encouragingly to me about the paper, except one preacher beside Mr. Rogers. The one alluded to is a mulatto preacher named Moore who has charge of the negro Baptist church in Lexington. Moore came to me and said "Will you allow a colored man to take stock in your paper?" I said "I would rather have you than any white man in town."

He has several times since met me and volunteered to tell me he would pay it, but he has not. I declined to answer any notices of his indebtedness that I have sent him, that were of the same tenor as that sent to Mr. Rogers which elicited the reply above, and which asked them as kindly as I could to notify me that they would not pay me, if they did not intend to do so, so that I might close up their accounts on my book.

Since that was written Rev. Moore has again promised to pay—Editor.

There are to-day more preachers in the State of Kentucky, and in the United States, of various denominations, who are working to advance the circulation of the Blade, and sending me their money and encouraging letters, than ever did these for any paper published in the State of Kentucky, religious or secular. Just as I was sitting down to the table in my family room, on Sunday evening, to write this and other articles, Rev. A. Luby of the Baptist church who lives in Owen county called to see me, to encourage me in my work with the Blade. He is a Prohibitionist and volunteered to take some copies of the Blade for distribution.

He is a poor man, but will pay for his paper. A little while before he came I was walking on the streets with Rev. Hiram Ford.

He is a well to do man. He is a minister in the Christian church, and was the Prohibition candidate for Congress from this district at the last election. He said to me "I have just been reading the Blade on Sunday evening."

They say you are doing more good than all the preachers in the state." He has paid for his paper.

I have lately printed a letter from Josiah Harris, late Prohibition candidate for Governor of Kentucky, and ex Chairman of the State Prohibition Executive Committee. He is a churchman in full fellowship in some church—I think the Christian. His letter ranked my services for the Prohibition party with those of Hadcock and Gambrell, and called upon all Prohibitionists in the United States, and in Kentucky especially, to support me.

I never saw Chairman Dickie of the National Executive Committee but once. He asked me if I had a Blue Grass Blade in my pocket in less than ten seconds after he saw me. He showed me distinguished honor and kindness in the presence of a body of the most prominent Prohibitionists in the State of Kentucky. The Blade has been going to him ever since, and he has never made any

complaint of my infidelity. George W. Bain the most prominent Prohibition orator of our state is the steadfast friend of myself and the Blade, and the last time I heard him speak he paid a pretty tribute to my services to the cause of Prohibition. Gen. Green Clay Smith once candidate for President of the United States, had received the Blue Grass Blade from the time it started. He is a minister in the Baptist church, and was the man who nominated me for a position on the Prohibition State Executive Committee when I was elected upon that Committee.

More Christian women of different churches in the State of Kentucky, and in the United States, are to-day friends of the Blue Grass Blade than of any paper ever published in this State. I do not know of a woman Prohibitionist in the state who does not take it and pay for it. Some of them are stock holders in the Blade and paid their stock without being notified.

I not only do not want any pay from Mr. Rogers for the Blade he has now received for more than a year but I want him to, and if he sends it, it will go back to his address at Horse Cave.

"If a man takes away thy cloak let him have thy coat also."

P. S. Since writing the foregoing my wife calls my attention to the fact that on one occasion I received from Rev. Rogers a postal card which was written in a jocular style but highly commendatory of the Blade. I remember distinctly that he had made a picture of a horse with his pen, and wrote the word "Cave" after it for Horse Cave, his post office, and I remember that the card complimented the paper. On one occasion before when I wrote to him for his subscription to the stock of the Blade, he assigned as a reason for not paying it, that his wife was sick.

Since the above was written Rev. Hiram Ford has paid me \$2.00 for the coming year.

"A Lady" Gives me a Slice of Sheol About "Woman's Rights."

LEXINGTON, Ky., Jan. 12, '92.  
C. C. Moore,

SIR—Have been reading your paper for the past few weeks (well aware that I was committing a sacrilege in so doing,) and concluded to take the liberty of writing a few lines to you.

First I wish to say a few words in regard to the prominent subject of your paper, which is "Woman's Rights." You seem to be a very strong advocate of this subject, but it seems to me impossible for any man who is a man to plead in favor of "Woman's Rights."

I can not believe that any man would like to have his wife's fair name made a common by-word of the common multitude, as it would be, were any woman to become a candidate for Mayor as you spoke of the women doing.

No man would enjoy seeing his wife so far neglect her household duties, her duties as a wife and mother as to desire to fill a man's sphere in life.

Would you like to see your wife leading a drunkard to a place of security, or would you like to see her standing among a noisy drunken crowd trying to produce order?

I do not think you would; and yet these are the duties of a Mayor.

I am glad to know that there are too many wise men in this enlightened age to allow such a thing to take place. But I am sorry to say that there are a great many women who, in order to become prominent, would, like yourself, give up all that they hold dear in this world.

Again, you claim the right for women to vote. A pretty sight it would be to see a crowd of women lounging around the polls with men of all classes, neglecting their homes and perhaps their little ones.

Women have their own sphere in life, just as men have theirs, and let them fill their place conscientiously. That is all that is required of them.

It is easy to be seen by your paper, that your ideas are not, in the least, consistent. You claim to be fighting hard (but only to become prominent) for Prohibition, (please spell it with a large P—Editor.) but of what use is Prohibition, if there is to be no "thereafter," and claim that if it were not for the fear of God and future punishment the crimes which you seemingly are fighting against, would be twofold what they are at present.

What persuasion could be used to convert a drunkard, if not the persuasion of "God" and the "hereafter?"

I heard a lady say not long ago that a child had no right to respect his or her parents. Is this not a beautiful theory to teach a child?

So it is with you. You wish to drive away drunkards and immorality, and all the time you are trying to poison men's minds with just such vile theories as the above. Trying to teach men to reverence God, when it is the reverence of God alone that (illegally) the world toward a better life.

I think if you were to put aside the attempt of being an editor and study until (parlor the liberty) take with your orthography—Editor capable of talking, it would be a brilliant idea. Any man with any good moral sense, can but see how little you study Prohibition and morality.

The desire to become prominent over-rides all your better thoughts (if you have any) and, although I am a firm believer in Prohibition, I do not believe in the course you have taken to carry Prohibition.

Separate (pardon me again, if you please Madam, for another interference in your orthography) in that treacherous word, Editor) Prohibition and religion and the saloons will continue to thrive and flourish.

Respectfully,  
A LADY.

Madam. As your pseudonym does not indicate what position you occupy with regard to matrimony, I assume to address you as Madam, not merely because, under the circumstances, the code requires it, but because the tone of your letter shows you to possess those traits that are absolutely irresistible to the masculine heart.

With your permission I will direct a part of my reply to you and then dropping the second person, I will assume the third, and crave your indulgence while I use your particular case as the basis of some incongruous remarks that I shall direct to the world in general, and which you may flatter yourself will be read with more or less interest from the frosts of Michigan and Massachusetts to the flower of Florida and California.

I do not know exactly what constitutes "sacrilege," but your language indicates that you regard it as something wicked.

I am sorry that my paper has been the occasion of your doing violence to your conscience in the first place, and more sorry that you have persisted in it for several weeks subsequent. I hope, you will not continue to do so.

Please allow me to suggest to you that you have inadvertently confounded the prerogatives of a Mayor and those of a policeman. Abraham S. Hewitt as Mayor of New York and my distinguished kinsman, Carter Harrison, as Mayor of Chicago, have not felt themselves specially called upon to be leading around drunken men.

In the smaller towns, of Kentucky for instance, in such places as Lexington, Paris, Somerset and Frankfort, we have reports of Mayors being found in such condition as that they themselves had to be led to "places of security," but I have never known one of them to attempt so hazardous a feat as to try to lead anybody else that was drunk.

Your favorite mode of ratiocination seems to be the "argumentum ad hominem." I like it. There is a directness about it that economizes printer's ink. Somerset, is a man opposed to Woman Suffrage. The Mayor of Kiowa, Iowa, is a woman and in favor of Woman Suffrage. The Mayor of Kiowa has lately distinguished herself by having all the liquor in all the saloons in her town poured into the streets, and having the saloon doors nailed up. The Mayor of Somerset is now in jail for having attempted a nameless outrage upon an insane lady put into his official care.

I hope it will be no offense to suggest to you that you would try to overcome your aversion to women mayors, if you had to be put either in the official care of the Mayor of Kiowa or in that of the one of Somerset, and were left to make your choice.

You very properly suggest that "women have their own sphere in life." My friend, the lamented "Artemus Ward" heartily agreed with you, and was accustomed to say that he "liked to see a woman in her proper sphere."

Many men and even women have made the same remark; but the sentiment as to what constitutes the "proper sphere" of women is not now so uniform as it was some years since.

Your suggestion that I should "put aside the attempt of being an editor, and study until I am capable of talking," while perhaps not couched in language so melodious as that of my friend James Lane Allen, is, nevertheless, a point well taken, and a suggestion upon which I have twice

upon which I have twice would be foolish enough to swallow five gallons of "excellent old rye whisky," and then throw himself out of the water and commit suicide because of his sin—if, I say, a modern civilized whale would do this, is it unreasonable to suppose that a whale who lived in a dark and barbarous age, when Jonah had his little unpleasantness with the Lord, would have hesitated to swallow a runaway missionary, and in the course of three days get tired of the job, and "throw up" the load of sin he was carrying, on dry land, or any other convenient place he could find to throw him up, where he would not be liable to again come across him, and make a similar mistake?

I do not believe you are half so much of a heathen as you represent yourself to be, and think it just possible that this modern whale miracle may be the means of your redemption.

Consider the lesson herein taught and do not think every fish story is a fishing story.

Your Friend  
SIMON.

P. S. Now if you want to publish the above as a joke on Jonah and yourself you can do so, but please don't tell anybody who wrote it. If you do, I will never write you another line.

Truly Yours,  
BEN. S. DRAKE.

It looks to me like this country is making an unjust discrimination against me.

When I reason that way about that whale a preacher writes all the way from California to tell me how deeply it grieves him. But when Bro. Drake, in full fellowship and good standing, in Dr. Felix's church, talks that way, it's all right. But he's a Democrat and I am a Prohibitionist, and that makes a difference.

The proverb says "What's fair for the goose is fair for the gander," and I don't see why what's fair for the Drake is not fair for the duck; but it don't work that way.

When I first started the Blade, I tackled Sam Jones, but it busted the Blade; and ever since then I have thought Sam was a Jonah, before the Japanese and the

few way.

But you aint going to get me into that now about Jonah. The man is dead, and I despise this kind of pecking on a dead man.

When Jonah was swallowed by the whale he must have struck oil, but when he had a good thing he never knew how to fry the fat out of it.

He was naturally unlucky. I have never thought that the whale intended to murder Jonah in cold blood, for you know he is a warmed blooded fish. He found Jonah a stranger and took him in; and when he found out that Jonah was going to blubber he let up on him. It may have been that the whale was something of a blow hard, but there was nothing scaly about him.

I don't think the whale was a good Prohibitionist, for he was about half seas over when he swallowed Jonah.

Jonah was all right, and the whale found it was hard to keep a good man down. The whale took in Jonah to go into the fish business with him, but Jonah said there would be no prophet in fish, and the whale threw up his contract. The stock of his corporation was watered and the whale unloaded.

No wonder men of brains ask if life is worth living, and that Mr. Darwin has so easily established as scientific truth, our common descent from the monkey.

Jolly Cap Ain Ben. Comments Upon the Lexington Transcript's Anti-Prohibition Whale Story.

WHISKY IN A WHALE.

A sperm whale forty feet long got over the bar at Ocean City Md., during the high tide several nights ago and was left high and dry on the beach by the receding water. All night long his struggles could be heard by the crew of the life-saving station near by.

The life-saving station near by was sounded like the heavy beatings of the surf. After the levitation was dead the residents in the neighborhood gathered and cut away the blubber. In cutting open the monster's stomach there were found a number of empty bottles and a five gallon demijohn, corked and sealed, of elegant rye whisky. It is supposed that the whale followed in the wake of the United States steamer Dispatch, which was wrecked some months ago, and swallowed the demijohn as it was floating out of the wreck.—[Lexington Transcript.]

LEXINGTON, Dec. 29, '91.  
FRIEND MOORE—The enclosed clipping is from the Lexington Transcript of this date.

It strikes me that the story it tells is of a miracle worked for your special benefit.

If a modern civilized whale would be foolish enough to swallow five gallons of "excellent old rye whisky," and then throw himself out of the water and commit suicide because of his sin—if, I say, a modern civilized whale would do this, is it unreasonable to suppose that a whale who lived in a dark and barbarous age, when Jonah had his little unpleasantness with the Lord, would have hesitated to swallow a runaway missionary, and in the course of three days get tired of the job, and "throw up" the load of sin he was carrying, on dry land, or any other convenient place he could find to throw him up, where he would not be liable to again come across him, and make a similar mistake?

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FOR THE SPRING!

WHITE GOODS

IN SMALL AND LARGE CHECKS. IN WIDE AND NARROW STRIPES. IN PLAIN GOODS, NEW, PRETTY.

EMBROIDERIES

Pretty little edges in Swiss and Nainsook. Insertions to match all edges. Handsome Match Sets in Nainsook, etc. Hamburgs, all widths and qualities.

LACES

Torches, Smyrna, Medice, new and pretty. Match sets in some qualities. Valenciennes, carefully selected stock, new.

IN LOW PRICES WE LEAD THE WAY.

TAYLOR & HAWKINS

No. 7 West Main Street, Lexington, Ky.

BAKER & BROS.,

No. 12 NORTH LEXINGTON ST.

Manufacturers and Dealers in

Carriages, Buggies, Phaetons etc.

Repairing promptly done and on reasonable terms.

They are also agents for FRAZER CELEBRATED CARTS. We also have a stock of PONY CARTS on hand.

COME AND SEE US.

BAKER and BROS.

WILSON & STARKS

CLOTHIERS!

TAILORS!

HATTERS!

FURNISHERS!

The Largest House, the Largest Stock and the Largest Business in Our Line in Central Kentucky.

If you need anything in our line don't buy until you have looked through our stock.

We are "leaders" in correct styles and low prices.

Farmers are especially invited to make headquarters with us when in town.

WILSON & STARKS,

62, 64 and 66 E. Main Street.

Kaufman, Straus & Co.,

12 EAST MAIN STREET.

New goods are now arriving daily. Laces and embroideries are crowding our shelves from the narrowest to the widest and richest patterns. We show them in all sorts of materials. A treat for the ladies and a wholesome surprise to those who get our prices on them.

No lady in Lexington, anticipating to make up Spring Underwear, Children's or Misses' Dresses of White Goods, can afford to miss examining our stock of these goods.

Early Spring Woolen Dress Material.

Novelty Suitings, the rarest and oddest of patterns, new entirely and pleasing to the eye; prices below actual anticipation, ranging from 50c to \$1 per yard. A new line of spring shades of Henriettes just opened, new colors, no change in price in spite of the additional duty on them.

WASH GOODS.

Just received and put in stock a quantity of fine Zephyr Ginghams, all new patterns and coloring, modest pin stripes and checks, Scotch plaids and neat stripes. They are quoted at 30c; we have marked them at 20c per yard. A full line of dress Ginghams in new designs, estimated to be worth 15c; our price is 10c.

LADIES' MUSLIN UNDERWEAR—SPECIAL SALE.

Forty dozen Children's Muslin Drawers, six button holes, patent facing, at 10c a pair; worth 20c.

Ladies' Mother Hother Hubbard Gown; good muslin, well trimmed at 55c; they are worth 83c.

Ladies' Muslin Drawers, "Fruit of the Loom" Cotton, deep hem and tucks above, 22c; worth 40c.

Ladies' walking skirts, deep Cambric ruffle, at 49c; worth 75c.

New Spring Hosiery for Ladies and Gents. We were fortunate in securing many cases of Ladies' Cotton, Lisle and Silk Hose, in both black and fancy, prior to the going into effect of the administrative bill, and our prices thereon will show how these early purchases benefit our customers.

Ladies' regular made fast black Hose, regular price now 35c; we still have them marked 25c.

Ladies' black and colored Lisle Hose, worth 60c; We still offer them at 40c.

Ladies' fancy striped Cotton Hose, boot patterns, costing you now 40c; still marked at 25c.

TOILET ARTICLES.

Colgate Turkish Bath Soap, a full dozen for 50c; 4711 Glycerine different sorts at 42c per box; Espey's Cream, genuine article, 20c; Vaseline, in bottles at 10c; Ammonia, for household purposes, only 10c per quart bottle.

KAUFMAN, STRAUS & CO.



## Don't Like the "Cussin" in the Blade.

FORT WORTH, TEX., Jan. 10, '92.  
C. C. Moore, Lexington, Ky.  
Dear Sir:—Enclosed find postal note in payment of my subscription from November 12, 1891, as my time was out then. I am rich (in Prohibition) and don't want the Blade to come to me on the poor man's excuse. I arrived here from Kentucky August 16, and don't know as much what is going on here as I will later on. Not long ago I attended the Bethel mission, headquarters of the Prohibitionists, W. C. T. U. etc. The speaker was from North Texas. His speech was such that I was edified. Only eighteen persons present and only two quarters collected that I was aware of and those were from my vest pocket. Two weeks ago there was a Democrat Silver Medal contest to take place at the Presbyterian church between eight Fort Worth children. The selections were from the best writers on Prohibition of the liquor traffic. When the time arrived for the speaking to begin, a lady announced that she would be present on account of the small audience. I counted again and there were just eighteen persons present. The contest came off on the evening of the 4th inst. with an audience of over a hundred.

The contestants were all girls. In point of intellectual ability, with natural eloquence of speech they could not be easily duplicated. They had been trained by a good elocutionist for the occasion. I have heard Bain, Benson, Finch, and others, but have never heard anything of the kind I enjoyed more than this. I thought the medal was properly bestowed and I want to give a medal to second best as she deserved one. In fact all of them do. I have been distributing copies of the Blade about the city, except those that had too much cussin in them. Let me say to you Charley quit it, it sounds ugly. I think I have more to cuss about than you have. I had a brother killed while intoxicated, which put my mother in premature grave. I also had a sixteen months old boy killed while playing on the K. C. Ry., by a drunken engineer. Ugly thoughts have passed through my mind on account of the above sad tragedy but I don't cuss about it. I have been voting as I pray and will do whatever else I can to keep dark clouds from hanging over other families. I hope you will live always and that Prohibition of all the black angels of death, and the sweet freedom from slavery from the liquor curse may be erected as a monument to your memory after your natural demise from earth. All hail to Bro. Moore. Whenever the church catches to this racket if they ever do, the awful consequences that result from the drinking of liquor "will be out of sight" as the "kids" here use the expression.

Yours very truly,  
DAVID SELLARS.  
P. S. Please send the Blade to Robert Woolery, Ezel, Morgan County, Ky., for six months, and I will send you a buzzard of your kind, as I have not seen any Ravens here.

D. S.  
Rev. Z. T. Cody, of Georgetown, Fairly Sizes me up.

(For the Blue Grass Blade.)  
In a recent issue of the Blade, the editor closed an article, that was devoted to preachers in general, with the announcement that I had been "weighed in the balance and found wanting."

Such a public reference to myself gives me an opportunity to say some things that have for some time, been impressed upon my mind.

It is far from my intention to enter into a controversy with the editor, or even to undertake to answer the article referred to; but to call attention to some convictions of the writer that, I think, lay back of that article, and of many others like it.

Mr. Moore seems to have a special fight against the preachers. Whether I as an individual, have been "found wanting" is a matter of small interest to the public. But when ministers, as a class, are thus attacked, it is of moment to all.

It ought, by those who read his attacks upon the ministry, to be borne in mind that Mr. Moore himself was at one time a minister of Jesus Christ, and that after a very radical change in his convictions he resigned his position altogether. He could not have meant anything by that act other than that the very calling itself was a false one—false to such a degree that he could not remain in it, as viewed by any denomination, for he did not quit one branch of the church and unite with another, as some do, but withdrew from the calling itself. And it would hardly be suggested that the change was made from a sense that some other profession was more in accord with his taste. It was a change from convictions, and hence it is not to be explained except on the ground that he felt there was something in the nature of the calling that made it incompatible with his conscience to re-

main in it; that is, he came to look upon the very calling as unworthy.

It would not then be a matter of surprise that Mr. Moore attacks ministers, if he made, as the ground of his attack that there calling was unworthy. But this is not the ground, and strange to say, his position is the very opposite of this, namely, that the ministers themselves are unworthy of their calling. His attacks upon them are because they fail, in refusing to come up to that standard of citizenship demanded by the nature of their profession. If this is not true, why is it that Doctors and Lawyers are as such spared?

Why is it that this is the only class of professional men who are denounced, if it is not because this is the only class, who, in refusing to support his party, fall short of the demands of their vocations?

This attack is not made because they fall short as men, or citizens. If that were the case they would not be singled out as preachers. If that were the case every man who refused to sign his petition, whatever might be his business, might expect to receive condign punishment; whereas none but ministers are called to account. This is good proof that, even in Mr. Moore's own estimation, the calling of the ministers of Christ is a very high and noble one; so high and noble that he who occupies it, is, by his position, placed in a light whose brightness reveals, as hideous, sins in him that, in others, are errors of judgment, or products of ignorance, or, at the very worst, mitigable weaknesses.

This is a most glaring inconsistency in Mr. Moore. To look upon the calling as too unworthy to be in, and, at the same time, to hold those in it to the most rigid account for failing to live up to the exalted standard of their vocation, can not be reconciled.

One might think that the consistency can be explained on the ground that he classes the calling of the minister and the business of the bar-room keeper together, and as waging a war of extermination on both; that he denounces the acts of the minister because those acts are the natural outcome of his superstitious profession as much so as the acts of the saloon man, are the outgrowth of his business; that, as a matter of fact, the ministry is the worse of the two; for they, from the very nature of their business, preaching the Bible, so blind and deaden a country, and that the existence of the saloon and all other evils are made possible; and that, before any reforms in society can be effected, the superstitious calling, in whose darkness they all flourish, must be destroyed. If this were Mr. Moore's position he then would not condemn the ministry for being inconsistent, but for being consistent, for every deed would accord with their trade. Besides such a position would put the destruction of the church as the chief aim of his paper, and necessarily that of the saloon would take a secondary place. And though sometimes accused of having this primary aim, it is not true; for if I remember correctly, he indignantly disclaims it, saying that he would rather steal horses as a business.

No one who knows Mr. Moore's perfect frankness and fearlessness in the declaration of his mind, could believe that he would say forth a paper whose professed aim was to establish Prohibition sentiments, knowing that hundreds of the lovers of the church will take such a paper, but whose real aim, the overthrow of the church, must be kept secret and work as secret; thus, under the cloak of Prohibition entering families, when, if the real aim was professed every door would be closed, and having entered keep up the disguise that it may remain long enough to sap the foundations of his deepest convictions. I can say truly that I do not believe that such a purpose has ever influenced him for a minute.

No; his aim is to destroy the saloon, and he feels that if ministers whose very calling should make them the stoutest enemies of the bar room and supporting it in any way, it is next to impossible to arouse others to the danger whose positions do not so emphatically dictate their duty.

This, I conceive, is why, in his Prohibition paper, he cries aloud and spares not.

But any one can see that this places him in a most awkward position. He is inconsistent in his deepest convictions. How is it possible to reconcile that conviction which forces him to quit the ministry, with that which causes him to chastise ministers for failing to come up to their high standard?

Now it is far from my motive in calling attention to this inconsistency to thereby give Mr. Moore a personal thrust. I have never suspected him of inconsistency. I have really rejoiced to see this inconsistency in his convictions, not as an evidence of his dishonesty, but as an explanation of how an honest man can write so much that is good and so much that seems vicious. He fills his paper with praise of Christ, and, in the same issue, it may be, calls Paul a liar. The spirit of every editorial indicates that he loves truth and

justice, and yet he can attack a minister on the smallest provocation, before receiving one word of explanation on his part, with a mercilessness that is amazing.

One can easily see, I think, how that almost all that is so very unkind in his written words, are by him not considered so, for it has grown out of that effort on his part to believe the church an institution founded on superstition and whose creeds are documents unworthy of both the head and heart of men.

The ministers of such an institution, must, in the nature of things be shame, and it is the act of manhood to expose them. Hence there is no hesitancy, when an unworthy one is found, to refer to him as a member of a class of like nature; or, when one is seen to do that which does not seem right, to refer his conduct to hypocrisy.

Mr. Moore seems to judge each individual preacher by that low idea of the calling which he has formed by a process of abstract reasoning as to the nature of that calling.

It is not a new method of judging. Almost any Protestant treat Catholic priests in the same way; forgetting that no just judgment of individual men can ever be had while we refuse to look at them as men, having within themselves peculiarities in a hundred forms, never before possessed by any mortal, and persist in seeing simply one of caste. Our idea of the caste may be exactly correct, but of the man, wholly erroneous.

This method of judging has characterized and justified the very worst forms of persecution and when it enters the mind, whatever one's creed, injustice is the inevitable result; not the injustice that comes from a cruel heart—persecutors have seldom been of such material, but that which comes from men who honestly believe that they do God's service.

Ministers who have met Mr. Moore personally have been surprised to find so perfect and such an agreeable gentleman. It is his pen and not his tongue that feels the duty to cut. It is easily explained. While with them, the character of the caste is forgotten in the presence of an agreeable personality. But when he takes the pen, the individual is forgotten, and that hypocritical character of the caste is constantly before the mind. His public utterances, as honest as was his private conduct sincere.

Those two deep radical convictions in him color the whole life. And so he is the best example I have ever seen of how utterly impossible it is for an honest man raised under the influences of Christianity, to degrade the church of Christ in his own mind; for, despite all his intellectual efforts and conclusions, the church and the calling of Christ's ministers remain in his mind as great realities; demanding, by their high standard, the noblest type of citizenship.

There is also the deep, but may be unconscious conviction that the hope of the country lies in the church, and not simply in the beautiful spirit of Christianity. If this is not so what means those efforts to arouse the ministers to duty? And most certainly it follows that the degradation of the church would be the ruin of our land. Now let me say again how foreign it is to my purpose to reflect in any way upon Mr. Moore. I have noted what I think to be a contradiction in his convictions, but because they are convictions, they are honest and the inconsistency if it exists, has been out of sight, and can in no way affect his sincerity, but can, as I believe, exist not only in one honest man, but actually does exist in us all to some degree, and despite the most beautiful sincerity, sends forth light and darkness, good and evil in the same life.

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Z. T. Cody, Georgetown, Ky.  
Barring some little inaccuracy in the syntactical get up of that letter, that would not be worthy of a reference in the production of a man in a less cultured calling, that is a very admirable letter, that grants to me more than I merit, and increases my regard for the Reverend gentleman which has been high, from the beginning of my short acquaintance with him.

The occasion of my adverse criticism of him was my belief that he was opposed to Prohibition; this belief being based upon the fact that he declined to sign what is known as the "million vote agreement," said agreement being almost universally signed by Prohibitionists.

Judge Stevenson of Georgetown, himself a Prohibitionist, had just told me of three ministers in Georgetown who had declined to sign the agreement, though there were quite a number of Democrats who were signing it.

The Judge had just mentioned Rev. Cody as one of the ministers who would not sign it. I knew that President Dudley of Georgetown College was a minister in Rev. Cody's church, and knew that Rev. Dudley was opposed to Prohibition. I had noticed that Rev. Cody had not attended any Prohibition meeting, or speaking here, even when Prof. Rucker,

one of the most prominent men in his church was announced to speak, and did speak; and when I heard that he would not sign the "million vote agreement," to which Rev. Cody mistakenly refers in his article, as my "petition," I had no doubt that he was opposed to Prohibition. Rev. Cody was about to pass Judge Stevenson and me, just as the Judge had told me that Mr. Cody declined to sign the agreement, and I stopped Mr. Cody and said pleasantly, but pretty earnestly, "I am going to put you on record, and I handed him an 'agreement' blank. He declined to sign it, without any explanation, and passed on. I had never met but one Prohibitionist before who declined to sign the agreement. He was an avowed infidel, and a man of the highest standing and intelligence. He said he had voted for the Prohibition Presidential candidates, and expected still to do so, but said it was a matter of principle with him never to sign any pledge.

In my allusion to ministers who would not sign the agreement, I used the name of Mr. Cody with two others who declined to sign it, because they were not Prohibitionists.

When my article appeared in the Blade, I was told, to my surprise, by Judge Finnell, that Mr. Cody had voted for Prohibition and intended to vote for the Prohibition Presidential candidates this year.

I at once wrote a note of apology to him which was delivered to him by Judge Finnell, with additional apologetic explanations, and Mr. Cody appeared in the Blade, before I received the letter above published.

If this be regarded as an instance in which I have "attacked a minister on the smallest provocation, before receiving a word of explanation on his part, with a mercilessness that is amazing," I will submit whether or not Rev. Cody was not, under the circumstances, under some obligation to give the "word of explanation."

The statement or intimation that I am opposed to ministers as a class, or caste, can not be sustained from anything I have printed or said, and I have said that I do not regard the calling of a preacher as being as high, and honorable, and valuable, and noble, as that of a blacksmith; and that the whole of America could get along comfortably for a year if every preacher in America would go to Europe and stay a year; but that business and social comfort and happiness would be blocked if all the blacksmiths in America should go to Europe and stay a year. I now endorse and reiterate all that, and add to it, that I am persuaded the Christians, as Jesus of Nazareth said, would be much better off if they were just as once if there were no salaried preachers, and consequently, I am a professional preacher or priest, in America, and none allowed to come here.

Rev. Cody most radically mis-receives my appreciation of this matter when he says that there is in me a "deep, but may be unconscious, conviction, that the hope of the country lies in the church, and not simply in the beautiful spirit of Christianity."

I have a very deep, and a very conscientious conviction that is exactly the reverse of what he supposes.

I do not believe that there ever was a miracle. I am just as much satisfied that Jesus had two natural human parents as that I had, and I do not believe that he arose from the dead any more than any other dead man ever did; and whether he or any other man ever lived or ever will live after death, is a question for discussion, with the chances immensely against immortality. But the "spirit" of the religion which he taught is simply indispensable to human happiness, and we will never have Prohibition or any other measure that opposes the brute passions and appetites of men, until men are influenced to do it by the spirit of the religion of Jesus of Nazareth; and hence, as a Prohibitionist, I continually urge the precepts of the Christian religion.

I regard the liquor traffic as the greatest of all crimes against the spirit of the Christian religion, the late African slavery in America not excepted. The Prohibition party is the only sensible, practical and organized effort that has ever been made to destroy the liquor traffic. Preachers are by the masses regarded as the custodians of the morals of the people, and therefore I say that a preacher who is opposed to Prohibition is a bad dangerous citizen, and is not fit to stand in the pulpit, or in any way to teach the people.

It may be that his opposition to Prohibition is the result of ignorance, or of natural incapacity, or it may be—as I believe in most instances it is—from obduracy, or self-conceit, or from mercenary consideration, or for personal popularity; but, whether from the first or the latter class of causes, they are equally unfit to instruct the people.

I do not reprimand lawyers and doctors for not being Prohibitionists, because they do not have charge of the department of morals. I would not reprimand

teachers if a very simple malady were killing many people. I would reprimand the doctors, because it is their special business to see to the health of the country, and not that of the preachers. If the lawyers and doctors in Kentucky should vote for Prohibition, it would have no more significance or influence than if all the carpenters should vote that way. If every preacher in the state of Kentucky should vote for Prohibition the moral influence would be such that no other political party could stand against it. So far from discriminating against the ministers as a class, or caste, I have said more in praise of those who vote for Prohibition than any man in Kentucky.

I have lately printed more in praise of Rev. McGarvey than all the newspapers in Lexington put together have done in years.

Christian people have linked our names together all over the United States; and have asked God alike to bless us, and yet Rev. McGarvey is the man who presided over the body that excluded me from the Broadway Christian church.

I have said, and am ready still to say, much in praise of Revs. Matthews and Lloyd, though the latter described me in the hour of trial, when my life was in danger, and without notification, and when I thought he was my friend, attempted to blast me in the same newspaper that has lately championed the cause of a saloon-keeper for Mayor of Lexington.

But the Rev. gentleman got left, and in the estimation of the citizens of Lexington has remained left until this day.

Rev. Lloyd of Georgetown formerly deserted me, after having endorsed me by name in the pulpit. But I love both of these gentlemen because they are working for the Prohibition cause.

Rev. Bartlett was the leading spirit in a sentiment against me that was fostered by politicians and editors and drunkards and saloon-keepers, until it was daily expected in Lexington that some one would kill me.

He has never apologized to me for it, and I have never heard of his taking any part in the Prohibition movement, and though I would take great pleasure in doing him any personal kindness, I have never since that time, commended him for any good he has done, simply because I have not heard of any.

I have blasted Lyman Abbott for going to Iowa to work against Prohibition, and now I will ask my good Bro. Cody to name any other preacher against whom I have said ought, further than my general denunciation of all preachers who are opposed to Prohibition.

I am glad that Bro. Cody wrote a letter, I believe it was, intelligently intended in kindness, and that he will help me, and, through me, help the Prohibition party as far as my paper has any influence.

Editor—Who is going to kill me if I put his name in my paper, is lectured about in Knoxville, Tenn.

My son, at the University of Tennessee, writes me a "strictly private" letter in which he wants to borrow \$35.00 to pay his subscription to a Y. M. C. A.

It's a good joke on "borrowing." The hard pan facts in the case are that I am helping to run two churches and two Y. M. C. A.'s, and yet I am going to the devil because I am a heat plan. It's tough. Whenever my boy "borrows" any money from me he pays me in (silly, like some of these fellows pay for their Blade.

The extract from my son's letter is as follows.

"I want to hear Mr. Bain lecture on 'Human Character'."

Since then, I have heard several say it was one of the most eloquent lectures they ever heard.

He brought out some beautiful illustrations of human character, which to me would seem more like fiction than reality had I not known you as I do.

One particular reference is to you and Judge—He spoke of how the true man when called a liar, instead of striking down his enemy, will defy him to prove it.

After he had defied him to prove it, I thought I would call on him, I went to his room and told him my name was Moore.

He spoke to me politely, asked me to have a seat, and began to talk to me.

I asked him if he knew my father, of Lexington, Ky., and he sprang up and gave me one of the most warm hearted hand shakes I ever had. He seemed so glad to see me, and complimented me so that I was almost choked with the sense of his sincerity. I have a cranky Prohibition friend here who is helping me to get the 'Million vote pledge' filled out."

It seems like "my friend the enemy" who is going to kill me if I ever print his name in my paper is liable to gain additional distinction by that little episode in his life.

Suppose we all let up on more now, and not even put any more allusions to him in the Blade.

I am pretty certain I will not if somebody does not write me something about it.

George W. Bain is a more pleasant character for contemplation. I have seen in some Prohibition paper the picture of a banner with "John P. St. John" and "George W. Bain" on it, as its favorites for President and Vice President.

My favorite for Vice President is George W. Bain first, and John A. Brooks second.

Bain is a fine speaker and attractive to every body. He will instruct for him at St. Louis, and that he will accept.

If we had as available men in the South as we have in the North I would prefer that our next ticket the candidate for President should be from the South and for Vice President from the North.

The couple, whoever they are, will be almost certain to carry a million votes.

## TEMPERANCE NOTES.

### CAUSED BY ALCOHOL.

#### Some of the Dire Effects of Habitual Drinking.

Alcoholism may be considered briefly, first, its general bearings, and second, as a form of insanity. The relation between alcoholism, crime, pauperism and charity is most intimate. For example, a certain young criminal who tried to kill an aged woman without provocation said that when he was six years of age his father used to return home drunk, striking his mother and throwing sticks of wood at her. He stood it for awhile, but afterward left home, and, though not a thief, was compelled to steal for living. He was sent to a juvenile asylum, and after leaving went among farmers to live under their care, being kindly treated by a very few, whipped and otherwise roughly treated by many. Remaining a month or so with different farmers, he finally developed into a tramp, and, leaving all farmers, wandered two years, stealing, eating and sleeping wherever he could. Thus alcohol gave the initiatory to evils; charity endeavored to counteract these evils (result of six years of unfavorable surroundings) in two years, but the evil forces acquired by early treatment had gained too strong a foothold, and the following stages were tramp, pauperism and crime. Such cases are typical, and almost wholly the result of evil surroundings, for which society is culpable, and for which she suffers dearly, both morally and financially. The alcoholic may be a good workman when sober, but from irregularity he loses his position and gradually becomes a pauper. A sad fact in connection with alcoholism is that often the kindest and most genial natures are for this very reason ruined through the unintentional influence of society, for they are unable to resist the so-called feeling of good-fellowship when drinking together. From the ethical point of view, it is questionable whether one has the right to take the chances of causing another to fall. It is better to forego the physical, intellectual or social pleasure of indulging in any luxury or non-necessity, than to add to the physical, moral or social ruin of a fellow being.

The relation of alcohol to all these forms of abnormal humanity is as diversified as the human mind itself, and is a question whether it is right to give to beggars; for by so doing we encourage them, by virtually paying them to beg, and not already paupers they can be made so by a mistaken philanthropy. It is a common saying and practice of Americans traveling in Europe to give every beggar "a cent to get rid of him." This, of course, has just the opposite effect.

All these abnormal forms of humanity are different degrees of evil or wrong, the highest of which is crime. They are all links of one chain. This chain is that which we denote by the words evil, bad, unjust, wrong, etc. These forms, to wit, criminality, alcoholism, pauperism, etc., may all be considered under the head of "characterological." Thus the different institutions, such as prisons, insane asylums, hospitals, and orphan asylums, institutions for the blind, deaf and dumb, and defective; hospitals, dispensaries, relief for the poor in any form; church missions and different forms of philanthropy, are, of course, charitable in their purpose. The difference between these institutions is one of degree, as an examination of the inmates would soon show. The pauper may be or may have been a criminal or insane or alcoholic, or the criminal may be or may have been a pauper or insane or alcoholic, and so on.

The close relation of alcoholism to insanity is shown by the statement of a specialist (Dr. E. B. King) that all cases of insanity, from melancholia to imbecility, are found in alcoholism. It is artificial, it begins with a slight mental excitement; thoughts flow freely, the quiet becomes loquacious, the modest bold; there is need of muscular activity; the emotions are manifested in laughing, singing and dancing. Now comes the force of the alcoholic influence; the individual is manifested, his secrets revealed; he is dogmatic, cruel, cynical, dangerous; he insists that he is not drunk, just as the insane insists on his sanity. Then his mind becomes weak, his consciousness dim, illusions arise; he stammers, staggers and like a paralytic his movements are uncertain.

The principal character of these mental disturbances consists in a moral and intellectual weakness; ideas become lax as to honor and decorum. There is a disregard of the duties of family and citizenship. Irritability is a concomitant, the slightest thing causes suspicion and anger, which is uncontrollable. There is a weakness of will to carry out good resolutions, and a consciousness of this leads some to request to be placed in an asylum, for they are morally certain in advance that they cannot resist temptation. Thus one has been known to have his daughter carry his wages home, as he could not resist the temptation to be worse than going in, if he had money with him. Now it is a weakness of memory, a difficulty in the chain of thought and a weak perception, until imbecility is reached.

There may be disturbances in brain circulation, causing restless sleep, anxious dreams, confusion, dizziness, headache. Such cerebral disturbances in the sense-organs can give rise to hallucinations. There is a trembling in hands, face, lips and tongue. In short, there is a general mental and bodily degeneration.

From the medical point of view, a cure is generally doubtful, for in private life total abstinence is impossible. The patient must be placed in an insane asylum, or better, in a hospital for incurables, where total abstinence can be enforced. Patients with delirium tremens especially need the most careful hospital treatment. The principal directions are conservation of strength and cerebral quiet, strong unsouring diet, and mild laxatives, etc. Such in general is considered to be the best medical treatment. A certain French specialist (Magnez) says that dipsomania is insane to drink; but the drunkard is insane after he has drunk.

—Arthur Macdonald, Ph. D., in Independent.

### UGHT TO BE KILLED.

#### The Sad Story of a Drunkard Who Acted To His Suffering and Only Went on Protracted Areas.

One of the saddest cases of self-slaughter ever recorded took place in one of the large western cities—a city whose phenomenal growth has attracted the attention of the world—the victim being a young lawyer of great ability and promise. He had held an important office connected with the profession and was a favorite among his fellows and the public generally. It was with him only a case of waiting for hours, which would not be very long delay in coming to him. Privately he was rich, though he worked like a Trojan at his business.

The demon of drink seized on this favored youth, and several times he went on protracted areas. His remorse and shame after his recovery from these periodicals exceeded anything which can be described. He declared that he would quit liquor with as much fervency as a man would declare that which was to save his very life. He tried to make his resolution as strong as steel and as hard as adamant against the temptation. For two years it held. Then the insane and unaccountable longing seized him, and he fell once more. When he recovered from this spree his chagrin and condition of mind were terrible. He openly declared that a drunkard had no right to live and seemed to apply the declaration to himself.

A man who gets drunk ought to be killed," said he.

Time went on and he was sober and more industrious than ever. His friends felt certain that he was cured and only thing which stood between him and the top of the heap was conquered and beaten and gone forever. But not so. They were all taken by one day to learn that he was on another more desperate drunk than ever. When it had run its course he had nothing to say, but retired to his father's house, where he slept in a room called "getting up" in the morning he took his revolver in hand and stood before the mirror so that he could take sure aim. He fired, the bullet went through his heart, struck a jolt or the lashing in the wall and bounded back, falling upon the floor a few inches from his head. And so every fellow him when they broke open the door.

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He had made his declaration good—Chicago Times.

### DEPRIVITY IN A DOG.

#### Drunk to the Extent of Heresies on "Temperance" Alcohol.

Edmond Gros is the owner of a bull terrier dog which is pronounced the greatest inebriate canine of his breed. It is a male, and, as such, he has gathered a number of specimens and preserved them in alcohol. His studies for examination came to an end some ages ago, and he no further use for the specimens, he had the jars and their contents removed to the cellar of his home for future disposal.

The dog recognized his master and drank loving dog, smelled out the alcohol and immediately proceeded to upset the jars, thereby breaking them and causing the liquor to form a pool, which he lapped up. Gros' attention was first called to what had happened by the peculiar antics of Sport. He howled during half the night, which was strange contrast to his ordinary behavior, and when Gros went down to see what was the matter he found him jumping about in a most uncontrollable manner, and he was on the floor and the air howling all the while.

The dog recognized his master and sought shelter behind him, as though from some invisible foe. He was perfectly exhausted from the exercise he had gone through and fell asleep, only to awake a few minutes later and bite his own paw.

All these symptoms, as well as the empty specimen jars, were indications enough for the student to diagnose his first case as one of delirium tremens.

Sport was better the next day, but could not be coaxed back into the cellar, where he saw green-eyed rats with tails and lots of teeth.—San Francisco Examiner.

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Charles C. Moore  
Editor

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Six Months, 26 insertions.	\$6.00
Three Months, 13 insertions.	\$3.50
Two Months, 8 insertions.	\$2.50
One Month, 4 insertions.	\$1.50
Three Insertions.	\$1.00
Two Insertions.	.75
Single Insertion.	.50

A Nice Old Gentleman Tumbles to the Prohibition Bracket.

ABINGTON, ILL., Jan. 14, '92.  
Mr. C. C. Moore.  
DEAR SIR—For your encouragement I write this.  
Uncle Peter Dechant used this language in regard to your paper (the Blade): "I take six papers but I read the Blade clear through first all the time, and confound me if I do not believe I will vote the Prohibition ticket next election."  
There were witnesses who heard this besides me.  
Said I "Bully for uncle Peter!"  
Another man accosted me in the grocery. Said he, "Byram do you take that Blue Grass Blade?"  
"I do," said I.  
Said he, "A man ought to be turned out of the church who reads it."  
We need buck skin editions in Abington.  
Send the Blade for six months to H. A. Peters, Hay Springs, Nebraska.  
I will send a dollar for same soon.  
Respectfully  
W. W. BYRAM.

Give my love to Bro. Dechant and tell him he is a man after my own heart. He made the argument fairly and gentlemanly, and as forcibly as the circumstances would admit, for his old political party, and when I answered it he saw there was nothing in his argument, and he gave it up like a man.  
He could see that he was every way my peer intellectually, and that he probably knew more about politics than I did, or do. But like any other strong-minded and honest man who will stop to think, he can see that the difference between Democrats and Republicans is nothing but a squabble between the *ins* and the *outs* while the liquor traffic, involving finance, and morals and legislation, as it does, is the most stupendous issue ever presented to the American people; and one which will go through all the governments of the earth just as it has through ours.  
In time to come, "Mother" Stewart, the author of Prohibition, will be known to the world as a greater hero than "Mother Hubbard" and "Mother Shipton" and the "mother of the Gracis," all put together.  
The next thing after Prohibition is the "Peace Congress."  
It's all part and parcel of the one grand Prohibition idea.  
The Peace Congress will all be fixed up at the Chicago Centennial next year, by representatives from all over the world, and there will be "peace on earth and good will among men," and "war shall be no more," and the spear (bayonet) shall be beaten into a pruning hook, and the sword into a plow share and men shall learn war no more."  
There are not three preachers in Kentucky who have as much faith in the New Testament as I have, and I am a heathen.  
They tell you that they believe something about "Trinity," and "regeneration" and "sanctification" and "expurgation" and "thunderation" and "damnation"; but they do not believe that the day is at hand when men shall learn war no more, and when, metaphorically, the lion and the lamb shall lie down together.  
I believe this sincerely and intelligently. I know that only two or three centuries ago, the judges decided cases at law by "wager of battle." That is now so thoroughly done away with that not more than one man out of ten who read this will know what that means.  
In fifty years from now children will be asking their parents how it was possible that governments used to keep armies, just as they now ask how it was possible that we used to have slaves.  
I believe that the Peace Congress is coming, and that no government will have any army

or navy, and that in order to show the complete fulfillment of that prophecy, they will literally take some of the bayonets from the arsenals of the United States and make pruning hooks of them, and that all of them will be converted into some industrial pursuit, and that the cannon and cannon balls will be melted and put into railroad rails, on railroads that will be owned and operated by the government, and that you will be able to go from here to New York for a dollar.  
That's the kind of a hair pin I am in theology.  
Set up with them Brother Byram; we'll get there.

Robert Nuckols Writes.

Mr. R. C. Nuckols, late cashier of the Mercer National Bank of this city, has a column article in the Georgetown Times in which he avers that his recent escapade was caused by nervous prostration and mental worry over individual financial embarrassment.  
The article is aimed specially at Charles Moore, and to refute certain alleged aspersions of that individual in reference to his (Nuckols) downfall being attributable to whisky. The article closes as follows:  
"Now hereafter the man who, after my declaration, strives to write my name and my family's name with tales of infamy, by the power of truth I affirm that I will hold him individually responsible for a personal retaliation."

While we don't endorse Charlie Moore in anything he says, yet Mr. Nuckols' procedure in this town is an open secret to everybody, and when he left the newspaper kindly threw the palladium of charity about him. We don't think he has yet quite recovered from his mental disorder, or he would have forbore to appear in print upon such a delicate subject. We would advise him to quit drinking "moderately" and keep himself as far away from newspapers as possible, or he may find it necessary to hold some of the boys in this neck of the woods "individually responsible."

Georgetown Times, and Harrodsburg Democrat, please copy—Harrodsburg Sayings.

A Church "Member in Paris" Writes a Libel Upon me, and the Kentuckian-Citizen Publishes It.

THE RAVINGS OF A LUNATIC.  
For the benefit of a few unacquainted with the facts we desire to say a word in regard to the wholesale denunciation of our people in a sheet called the Blue Grass Blade.  
It is with sorrow and commiseration that we refer to all to its editor. He has been an inmate of the Lunatic Asylum, and should have a friend, or friends, for their own reputation and for his sake, they should see that he be returned immediately to that institution.  
Dementia assumes many forms. This poor fellow once attempted to preach and to become a Christian preacher. He is a grand son of the beloved and venerated B. W. Stone, one of the movers of the Reformation, who lies buried at old Cane Ridge, and among the people that this poor man so fiercely denounces.  
Infidelity, lunacy and the great cause of temperance do not go well together. Every precinct in Bourbon county save one has local option laws and favor and work for temperance. Paris is the only precinct in Bourbon county without temperance laws; and we made a magnificent fight here a few years ago for Local Option, but were outvoted, as the friends of temperance generally are in the larger towns and cities.  
The spleen and idiocy of this man seems to be directed against the Christian church and its pastor J. S. Sweeney.  
Possibly of the 1,300 members of the Christian church in Paris, there is not to be found in this broad Commonwealth, or elsewhere, a more united, devoted, moral and religious body of people. They are noted for their generosity, hospitality, refinement and culture; the church in Paris gave \$15,000 to the cause of education (Kentucky University) in the adjoining city of Lexington, more than any other church in Kentucky.  
As to elder Sweeney it is enough to say that his people for whom he has preached almost the fourth of a century are satisfied with him. During the twenty-three years that he has been preaching the glorious gospel of Christ here, with a power and eloquence and pathos rarely equaled, he has never repeated a single sermon.  
He preaches for the restoration of New Testament Christianity and for the union of all God's people in the greatest cause in all this universe; impressing upon his hearers that their loftiest ambition and aspirations should be for a virtuous life, and a glorious and blissful immortality.  
If the editor referred to above could see his more lucid

intervals visit the grave of his great ancestor it would in all probability do him much good.  
A MEMBER IN PARIS.

I deny the statement that I ever was "an inmate of the Lunatic Asylum" or that I was ever insane or that there is any foundation in fact for the statement. The Lexington Leader of Jan. 31, has also published the above account with the additional head lines and comment. "A Righteous Protest—Against the utterances of the Blue Grass Blade." A member of Elder Sweeney's church in Paris denounces Editor Moore for his violent abuse of that eminent pastor.  
The Paris Kentuckian-Citizen Friday published the following righteous protest against recent utterances of Editor Charles C. Moore in the Blue Grass Blade:  
"Especially Glad to Have Friends in 'Old Bourbon.'"

PARIS, KY., Jan. 8 '92.  
Mr. C. C. Moore.

DEAR SIR—Herewith please find check for \$2.00 in payment of your paper. I do not know how long it has been coming to my address but am satisfied I, or we, have gotten the full \$2.00 worth. I hope you may continue it, and if I am unable to pay you in money I will take pleasure in rendering professional services to that amount.  
Respectfully  
J. T. McMillen.

His letter head shows he is a dentist. Just think about getting paid by having your teeth pulled. Jeeminy!

An Extra Supply of Blades for Paris, Kentucky.

PARIS, KY., Jan. 29, '92.  
DEAR MR. MOORE—Received your papers by this afternoon train. Sold them out in a few minutes.  
Can't you send me 100 copies next week, can sell them without any trouble.  
Please send them.  
Respectfully  
FRED S. DONALDSON.

I am informed that copies of the Blue Grass Blade of Jan. 23, sold in Paris for twenty-five cents each on account of that article about whisky in the "Christian" church there.  
It was not a patching to what will be in the Blade of February 13, written by members of that church, and giving that church particular fits.  
I used to think "Pleasant Green," the negro church in Lexington was tough, but I am never going to say it any more since I have gotten into true inwardness of that "Christian" church at Paris.  
It does beat the devil. I will publish the testimony of a lady and a gentleman who are members in good standing in that church.  
Fred Donaldson at Paris is the Blade's news boy, and unless orders for more than 100 are given him before February 12, I will send him only 100 papers.

THE OCCASIONAL GLASS.

It may well be asked if it gives temptation to others.  
It is difficult to convince many otherwise excellent people that there is any harm in taking an occasional glass of wine or other intoxicating beverage at the table or elsewhere. They never drink to excess, it is said, and why should they deprive themselves of a harmless indulgence because other men are too weak to control their appetites. This is the usual argument, but in the present situation of things at least it is a cruel, selfish, unmanly and unchristian argument.  
It is the old cry in a new form. "Am I my brother's keeper?" Paul answered that most effectively when he said, "I will eat no flesh while the world standeth." There is true manliness in this, the true Christian spirit. "I will deny myself," the apostle might have added, "even so harmless and so important an article of food as meat if the eating of it would cause my brother to stumble and fall into sin. It is not absolutely essential that I should eat meat to sustain my life. There are plenty of other kinds of food good and wholesome to which I may resort. I will restrict myself to those if by so doing I can save a single one of my fellow men from a life of sin and shame." Would that the moderate drinker would apply such logic as this to himself.—Christian at Work.

Poverty and Saloons.

Statistics show a very close connection between poverty and saloons. A recent number of an English publication asserts that in the poorest district in London there is one saloon to each 138 of population, or eighty-one saloons to 11,000 of population. In a certain quarter in Chicago, which, however, is not conspicuous for extreme poverty, there are said to be 750 saloons. The vote of that quarter is about 7,000. It appears therefore that there is one saloon to every ten voters. Provided each of these voters represents ten persons who do not vote, or in other words that the population of the ward is 70,000, which is much too high, there is one saloon to each 100 of population. On the other hand, accepting the lowest number of saloons claimed for the territory (350), there would still be one saloon for each thirteen voters. Estimating the saloons at one to five of population there would be one saloon to each sixty-five persons. This it appears that London's record of saloons in its poorest quarter is not so bad as is that of a part of Chicago.—Chicago Daily News.

EUROPEAN TEETOTALERS.

A Powerful Appeal for Temperance Widely Circulated on the Continent.  
An appeal for total abstinence from the use of intoxicating liquors is being widely circulated on the Continent. It is a translation of the English Teetotaler's Compendium, and is published by The Voice, a translated especially for The Voice. Its salient features follow: In recent years the question has been propounded for public consideration whether the use of most widespread practices, the use of alcoholic beverages, does not threaten a serious danger. In the course of discussion of this question one has realized that moderate indulgence is a dangerous. Science has shown beyond question the changes that are wrought in the organs of the body by the oft repeated and free use of such beverages. It characterizes these as changes occasioned by a process of poisoning, in many respects akin to arsenical poisoning, and recognizes them as causes of degeneration, sickness and death. It characterizes these as changes occasioned by a process of poisoning, in many respects akin to arsenical poisoning, and recognizes them as causes of degeneration, sickness and death. It characterizes these as changes occasioned by a process of poisoning, in many respects akin to arsenical poisoning, and recognizes them as causes of degeneration, sickness and death.

The close relation of these poisoning effects to the social consequences of the effects of drunkenness and the drink habit begins to make itself manifest to the general intelligence. If poverty and misery follow the steps of the drunkard it is his weakened mental grasp—weakened by the workings of the poison—that inflicts these misfortunes upon him, just as the instruction of the interior organs inflicts pain and disease.  
These established and clearly perceived facts have not hitherto shaken the popular faith in the moderation of the use of alcohol has been regarded or believed in its benefits. There is no doubt that this moderate use does not have the same ruinous results that spring from the immoral and excessive use of the same. It is to be hoped that the same results that spring from the immoral and excessive use of the same. It is to be hoped that the same results that spring from the immoral and excessive use of the same.

Among the most practical schemes for the promotion of temperance is that which is known as the coffee house plan. It has been in operation for some years in Great Britain and, as we understand, is in its tentative stage in New York. It is proposed to give it a trial in Chicago. Of course the coffee house must be offered to the wage earner, for whom, mainly, it is intended, as a charity, not openly as a reformatory agent. It must be offered as a business proposition. The manager of a system of twenty-five plan coffee houses, started in an English town by the temperance people, reports a dividend of 12 per cent upon the capital stock. The houses were opened, made attractive, managed with the shrewdness displayed by saloon keepers and proved profitable from the first. Meals were served cheaply and elegantly, as they are in those saloons where they have lunch and restaurant attachments. Customers were made to feel at home. The result has been a notable reform in the lives of many who had been frequenters of saloons. Equally, of course, the experiment, to be successful, must not be under the control of any temperance society, though the capital must be furnished by people who desire a diminution of the drinking habit. This we are told, is the policy of those who are anxious to have the coffee house plan in operation in Chicago. It is a policy which we heartily endorse and intend to practice.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

A Fearful Indictment to Face.  
We select, almost at random, from a daily paper on our desk, the following incidents:  
Little Willie Barrett, nine years of age, was picked up on the streets of Brooklyn, N. Y., on Thursday morning, half frozen and fainting from hunger. His drunken mother had driven him from the house and compelled him to stay out all night.  
The same morning, which was bitterly cold, May Lawson was found drunk on the street of the same city with a two-year-old baby in her arms, nearly frozen. The child was taken from her and placed in a foundling asylum.  
The night before, in a saloon at Monday, O., a drink crazed desperado, Thornton Sampson, murdered without the slightest provocation John Lynch, a man with whom he was drinking in a saloon.  
These items were all in remote corners of the paper with nothing to indicate that they were anything unusual. They are paralleled almost every day in the year.—Voice.

England's Drink Bill.  
During the last five years England's drink bill has been steadily on the increase, notwithstanding the fact that never before have her temperance organizations been so active or aggressive as during that period. We are told that among her educated and well-to-do classes drunkenness is becoming the exception and moderation the rule, yet notwithstanding this moderation movement and in spite of her boasted 5,000,000 to 6,000,000 total abstainers, her Bands of Hope and other means for educating children in temperance principles and her scientific and economic protests against the drink, etc., the bill goes on increasing. From £124,000,000 in 1887 it rose to £139,000,000 in 1890, and is expected to show a large increase for 1891.—Christian at Work.

For Moderate Drinkers to Ponder.  
Every moderate drinker should ponder the following lines from Hannah More's "Robert and Richard." This is Richard's epitaph: Here lies a poor youth who called drinking his life. And was ruined by saying "What harm is in this?"  
Lest poverty to his errors attend, Lest learn of poor Dick to remember the end.

Water is Our Natural Beverage.  
Water is the only drink which nature knows or has provided for animals, and whatever nature gives us, we may depend upon it, is the best and safest for us.

A Significant Fact.  
Liberia imports 75,000 gallons of intoxicants for every missionary it receives.

No Alcohol Made in the Body.  
Dr. T. S. Lambert, who has been delivering a series of lectures in New York city on the human system of alcohol upon the human system, illustrated his lecture by means of fly pictures and charts. Among other interesting things the doctor said that the effect of alcohol upon the human system is to convert glucose or grape sugar into two molecules of carbonic acid gas and two molecules of alcohol. It cannot live in a temperature higher than 75 degs., and as the normal temperature of the human body is not lower than 95 degs., it follows that there is no free alcohol in the body. That is, none is made there. Whatever is there is taken in.

The doctor was tendered a vote of thanks for his lectures.—Voice.

The Greatest Monopoly on Earth.  
The population of the United States today is about 60,000,000. Of this number about 24,000,000 are retail liquor dealers, or one person out of every 258. The gross income of the business is over \$1,000,000,000. The average yearly revenue to each dealer is nearly \$5,000, the best part of which represents clear profit.—Voice.

Uncle Sam's Annual Liquor Bill.  
The annual liquor bill for the United States is \$1,380,000,000.

DRINK IN RUSSIA.

It Honeycombs Public Service and Debases the Peasantry.  
The Grashinin, a Russian official organ, recently contained in order graphic pictures—some humorous, though pathetic, others tragic—of the effects of drink in that country.  
For instance, it relates how in the village of Kiev a Russian policeman, who was to bring a prisoner into court, enters the room with hat on head and suddenly drops helpless on the floor. He is only drunk. When he has recovered sufficiently the presiding justice asks:  
"Where is your prisoner?"  
Answer:—He is right down stairs, yer know; stopped just 't' have a little smoke. B-but he will be up by and by, yer'll see; can take my word; he's the right sort of fellow.  
Again: A tax collector is out gathering arrears; the peasants plead impotency, but hospitably invite the officer to take a glass of vodka (brandy) with them. Next morning many of them had to be put under a pump in order to bring them to their senses, but such herculean measure was of no avail in the case of the tax collector—he had drunk himself to death. The peasants in the neighborhood of Kiev are so fond of vodka, and most of them, to honor his memory, became dead drunk.

In this connection, however, we must remember that in Russia vodka is extremely cheap. The Russian, as a rule, cannot stand more than one-half the amount of liquor tolerated by his European neighbors; that as he lives sooty the drink has a more terrible effect upon him; and that most of the European countries consume per capita a much larger amount of alcohol than does the Russian.

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CHRISTMAS IN RETROSPECT.

Happy Homes Contrasted with the Misery Caused by Drink.  
In millions of happy homes the annual festival of Christmas was celebrated. "Peace on earth, good will toward men" welled up in millions of bosoms. Ministerial lips told the story of him who came to the earth with glad tidings of great joy which should be to all people. Christian hearts responded with words of praise and with acts of genuine good will. Editorial columns bulged with sentiment. Christmas! A word to conjure with. Selfishness was relegated to obscurity. Anger and hatred and strife hid their faces in shame. For a time the millennial dawn seemed about to burst upon a planet redeemed from the sway of the powers of darkness. Was the world made better by all this? Undoubtedly.  
But this is only one side of the picture. There is another and darker side. For instance:  
A party of barroom loafers in Plainfield, N. J., on Christmas induced a three-year-old boy, for their amusement, to stand in the bar and drink whisky until he was deathly sick, after which the little fellow staggered out into the street and fell dead.  
At a drunken revel in Jacksonville, Fla., Christmas morning, one man was killed and five others were wounded in a general fight over nothing in particular.  
During the year covered in a notorious drive at the corner of Sixth avenue and Twenty-third street in New York city, on Christmas day, John L. Wagon, the reputed proprietor of the place, was shot and killed.  
At Jowett, Pa., on Christmas eve, William Kinney, a lumberman, bought a jug of whisky with which to celebrate Christmas, and drank so much of it that he dropped dead.  
A drunken crowd of hoodlums at Littleton, Pa., on Christmas eve made a disturbance and assaulted the officer who tried to quiet them. The officer shot and killed in self defense Joseph Shadle and wounded Frank Shadle.  
Charles Behrendt, of Scranton, Neb., while on a drunk spree Christmas morning, lashed and dismembered his brother with a butcher knife.  
Mary Betty, of Brooklyn, was found dead on the floor of her kitchen Christmas morning, having died of drinking.

Sarah Parks, fifty years old, was found dead in the hallway of 87 Second avenue, New York, Christmas morning, having died of the effects of liquor. She died before she could be taken to the hospital.  
John Mahablian, of Morrisania, N. Y., while drunk on Christmas, was stabbed to death by a drunken Italian, who owed him some grudge.  
These are only samples. A complete list of all the horrible murders, cuttings, accidents and suicides due to drink would fill columns in this paper. The daily press scarcely deems a drink-crime short of murder worthy of a passing notice, so common have such crimes become.—Voice.

Poison in the Cup.  
Cyrus (or as he is called in the forty-fifth chapter of Isaiah, Core) once when a child visited his uncle in Media, King Astyages. One evening when they were seated at the table the king permitted young Cyrus to act as cupbearer, but when his uncle, as custom required, declared "I dare not uncle, there is poison in the cup." Astonished and frightened, the great monarch thinking possibly the lad might have seen some one putting poison into it, burst forth: "What do you mean? How do you know there is poison in the cup?" when the little cupbearer answered: "Indeed there is poison in the cup. I know it well. Last night, uncle, you drank a deal of wine, and you spoke so incoherently and stupidly. Among other things you said 'I can subjugate the entire world; let anybody who dares come hither, I shall manage them.' And when you arose you were so weak you could not even stand. You reeled about and had to steady yourself by taking hold of the table. So, dear uncle, I do know there must be poison in the cup." It only needs to be added that Cyrus became the founder of the vast Persian empire, which chiefly owed its greatness to the sobriety which its founder had made a corner stone in his building of state.—Christian at Work.

A Visit to a London Gin Palace.  
A mission visitor of one of the London churches thus describes her visit to a gin palace: "Within the narrow, dirty street, misery and squalor on every side, but within, all bright and gay. A throng of men and women crowded the bars, many of them scarcely more than children in years, long old men and women looking around and lower, even upon the floor, were to be seen as many as thirty or forty little children, many of them bald, and at first thought they were asleep and piteous in their need of food; but this feeling was quickly changed to horror when I was assured that they were all drunk—dead drunk, stupidly drunk—and that some of them had never been sober, having actually been born saturated with the accursed stuff and fed on it ever since, the result being visible in their old, pinched faces, and miserable, half starved bodies, with nothing of babyhood about them."

A Question Answered.  
Some wise and good men are racking their brains over the question, "Why is crime increasing in this country?" The answer is simple enough. We can answer it in a single word—"Drink." It is the answer which a writer in Forum gives to account for the increase of crime in Massachusetts in recent years. The report of the police department of New York city for the year 1891 tells the same story. And an analysis of the records of any police court, or prison or reformatory in the country will yield the same result.

The Liquor Habit and Crime.  
Of the 90,207 arrests in New York city last year, according to the police reports, no less than 30,000 were attributable to the liquor traffic. Nearly 40,000 were directly credited to the traffic by the police. And the records also showed that crime of all kinds was increasing in this city faster than the population.

Temperance Mayors.  
Of the new mayors in England thirty-seven are total abstainers.  
Total Abstinence in India.  
Thirty years ago it required a great deal of moral courage in India for any one to be a total abstainer. At that time comparatively few missionaries had adopted this rule, and when a gentleman was asked to drink a glass of wine at a dinner table it sometimes required no little moral courage for him to decline. But few hosts could understand his scruples, and sometimes a whole party would be affronted if he did not conform to the common custom. All this has since been changed; an abstainer's principles are well understood, and he is now seldom pressed to touch a wine-glass. Even the queen has caused it to be known that the practice of total abstinence is no longer to be considered as her table a breach of the best etiquette known in the empire. With the pathway of duty thus made plain and easy, there ought to be no longer hesitation on the part of any one in walking in it.



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WE SELL FOR CASH ONLY AND  
TREAT EVERYBODY RIGHT  
19 & 21 MAIN, BETWEEN MILL AND BROADWAY.

D. H. BEATTY,  
Fencing Contractor.

Keeps constantly on hand a full stock of the following, Fencing, Fencing Material, Gates and Posts.  
THE FARMER'S FRIEND PICKET FENCE,  
and will contract to build Bastard, Post and Rail, and Plank Fences. He keeps also Locust, Chestnut and Oak bored posts, and Locust, Cedar and Chestnut Plank posts, and Gate Posts of all grades. Also T. Rail Farm Gates, Wood and Iron long Gates, and all classes of walk Gates. Also Fencing Plank and Flat Rails.  
Terms Cash inside of 30 days, add 8 per cent additional on all booked accounts.  
D. H. BEATTY.

FIRE! FIRE! FIRE!  
THE GREATEST FIRE SALE

th history of Lexington.  
The Fire in our place of business, did us just enough damage to necessitate the  
Closing Out Of Our Entire Stock  
within the next Thirty Days. With this end in view we have marked every item down from one-half to one-third its value. This includes overcoats, suits and trousers for men, boys and children, underwear, neckwear, shirts, waists, collars, cuffs, gloves, hats, rubber goods, umbrellas, suspenders and hosiery; in short, everything in our building.

HERE IS A LINE TO GO BY.

25 cent linen collars go now at	10c
25 cent linen cuffs	15 "
35 cent silk scarfs	15 "
\$1.00 silk scarfs	35 "
25.00 overcoats	\$15.00 "
15.00 overcoats	10.00 "

Now is your chance to lay in your Winter supply of clothing. You will not have another opportunity like this in a life-time. Everything goes but Only For Cash, and only for thirty days. Call early and take your pick.

ONE PRICE CLOTHING HOUSE,  
M. KAUEMAN & CO.  
5 East Main St. Lexington Ky.



# You bet Your Sweet Life I will Take the Risk.

MILLERSBURG, Jan. 12, '92.  
Mr. C. C. Moore,

DEAR SIR—I have been receiving the Blade for some time, and like it very much. It is always a welcome visitor to our house.

I take more pleasure in reading it than any other paper. I have been a prohibitionist all my life—one of the kind that vote as they pray.

Enclosed find check for \$2.00 to pay for what time I have been taking the Blade, if I have been taking it a year. If not I am satisfied any way.

I have received two dollars worth from it. If you feel like taking any more risks on getting your money you can continue to send me the Blade; if not you will have to stop it.

With best wishes for the success of the Blade I remain  
Respectfully Yours  
J. W. PAYNE.

I will trust anybody—Hot-tentot, Zulu, Camanche, Chinese, Sandwich Islander—except any man in Stanford, Ky.

That town beat me out of \$75. The first time a man gets swindled it's the other fellow's fault. The next time he gets swindled by that same man it is his own fault.

And now for fear there might be an honest man in Stanford, whose feelings I might hurt, I will say now, once for all that no man from Stanford need send me for sample copies or anything else in the newspaper line, unless the money accompanies the order. Then I will look at the money, and if it is not counterfeit, I will put it in my pocket and meditate over it before I will send him my paper. The Blade has the United States for a market and I ain't afraid of any one horse town.

# Your Knock Down and Drag out Style is Just the Thing for the Times.

CHICAGO, Jan. 12, '92.  
Mr. C. C. Moore,

DEAR SIR—Your favor just received, and after looking at two or three of your editorials I am compelled to heartily congratulate you on the way you come down on those fellows who vote for whisky, Democracy and murder.

Best of all I have yet read and the most enjoyable is your overhauling of Thompson of the New Era. He so richly deserves it, and it is done so much to my taste that I enjoyed a roaring laugh over it.

Your knock down and drag out style is just the thing for the times, and the men who have been nearly the ruin of our party are these old grumpy good-for-nothing sort of innocents.

Yes I will take your paper, and pay for it. I have so many Prohibition papers that I can not read a column a month, and they are gratuitous—dead heads, all but two. But you are working the line I am working, and I like the flavor of your work. Good speed to your work. I do not like your being a Rationalist, but I can fix you on that when I get down there, for I imagine I will make some speeches in Kentucky for you before the campaign is over.

Speak to Neal about it and let me know whether I can't deliver a few hundred bolts in your part of Kentucky through you and Neal.

I am yours truly  
J. S. HUGHES.

I Apologize to Bro. O. H. Gould of New York.

PILLAR POINT, N. Y.,  
Jan. 11, 1892.

C. C. Moore,

DEAR BRO.—Your letter of Dec. 30 received enclosing postal note for 67 cents balance due on Geo. Miner's paper. You entirely misunderstood me. I meant for you to send me the paper, the Blue Grass Blade, the balance of the time for which I had paid, and not return the money.

Am sorry to make you this trouble. Enclosed find \$1.00 for which send the Blade to my address for six months.

O. H. GOULD.

I feel thoroughly ashamed of myself for what I said in the Blade about that.

Bro. Gould said his former note "Please send the balance of the subscription to me," and I thought he meant the balance of the money that he had paid for Miner, whereas he only meant to say that I must send him (Gould) the paper for the balance of the unpaid time that was due Miner, and I made a donkey of myself, and sent back the money and then complained of how hard Bro. Gould was on me.

I ought to have known that there was any man in the world as mean as that, outside of Stanford, Ky. If I had just held on to that money like any other newspaper man would have done, I would have been all right, and would have had my money, and would not have exposed myself either.

This thing of being honest will give any man that tries it a lot

of trouble. There never was a bigger lie in the world than that "honesty is the best policy."

Some grand rascal started that saying so he could get other people to be honest and not swindle him, while he was swindling them.

If you want to be poor, and unpopular, and have trouble all your life, you just try being honest. But then I came out all right in this case, for Bro. Gould sent me back 40 cents more than I sent him.

I believe the "Raven plan" will work all right until you strike Stanford, Ky. You can't fool those fellows on it. You'll get left every time.

You know there was an old lady who was always telling her boy to "trust in Providence."

She and the boy were going down a steep hill in an old buggy with a kicking horse, and the breaching broke.

The old lady was scared nearly to death as they were flying down the hill, but the boy told her to "trust in Providence."

The old lady said, "You are a fool to be talking about trusting in Providence when the breaching's done broke."

Bro. Gould is all right; but when it comes to trusting in Providence to get any money out of Stanford, "the breaching's done broke" with me, and it will be a cold day before any other man about that town gets my paper without paying for it in advance.

Those fellows over there never heard about Elijah and the ravens, and when they saw me talking about the "raven plan," they thought I was raven distracted.

Those people at Stanford have so much of Barnes' religion and Walton's politics that they could not be honest if they were to try, and they don't even try.

# "Put me down for \$100.00 on the \$5000.00 Proposition."

WILDWOOD, KY., Jan. 16, '92.  
Bro. Moore,

I have just read the first page of the Blade, and drop it to tell you to put me down for \$100.00 on the \$5000.00 proposition.

Ever yours in the glorious cause.  
W. W. GODDARD.

When I feel that I can not command words to do justice to the occasion my habit is to keep my mouth shut. But if 49 other men in the State of Kentucky will do that we, will have Prohibition here.

These Democratic roughs and toughs and thugs and bummers have been running over this country rough shod until that is their game.

They are just as low down intellectually as they are morally, and when they see their little game has played they will knock under just like any other bullying cravens and cowards.

Henry Waterson of the Courier-Journal has a case of confident *Achilles heel* vulnerability. He is just the same breed of dogs with the rest of them, and if the Prohibitionists and moralists of this state will furnish me the funds to put out a first class circulation of the Blade, it is just as easy to put him in the true light before the people of Kentucky, as being a pal and tool of John Atherton, as it is to show these little Lexington papers to be the tools of Hull Davidson, and Mitch Alford and Billy May.

Give me the money to tackle the star-eyed little tin god of Kentucky journalism, and it would put me on my mettle, and I would feel like I had something worthy of my steel; but to fool with these little two-for-five Lexington editors makes me feel like I am shooting grape shot at snow birds. It makes me tired.

Put up the shekels and turn me loose on Henry, and listen to the racket.

If you don't like it you will have your own treasurer, and you can pocket your shads again.

One of the best Democratic editors in the state is ready to furnish me the facts about Bro. Waterson, and I will show that he is one of the last men in the state that ought to have *Water* in his name.

# That Preachers' Fund.

The following from Bro. Jerre Russell of Hardyville, Ky., is worth the reading, and his example merits followers.

"I have never read any paper that has so awakened me in regard to my Christian duty toward the shams and evils of the day as the Blade.

There is something about Moore's fearless way of saying things that stimulates a man who wants to attack Satan in high places.

The preachers need some of Moore's grit to bring them out like Bro. McGarvey in his Lexington address. That address will do more good than all the literary learning sermons preached in Lexington the last year \* \* \*.

Let the Blade go to the preachers. If their consciences are so soft as to be bruised by any of Moore's old chestnuts, let them go; we can do better without them than with them.

Put me down one dollar to the preachers' fund—wish I could say ten dollars."

Now to get this matter in the right shape. The Blade is a costly paper—costs now over \$80. per week to get it out. The improvements I contemplate will increase the cost about one-third. The issue is only 1500—two dollar men, one dollar men and dead heads.

Moore's "Raven plan" has got the list in a Noah's ark confusion. The point is, the present list of the Blade will not justify my furnishing, absolutely free, sample copies in any quantity. I am willing that Moore shall bear a big part of the expense. Hence without consulting him—for this part of my part of the business—I contract.

1. To send specimens one month (four numbers) for only five cents.

2. The names to specimens must reach at least one thousand. (I have over that number on my list now.)

3. It will require \$50.00 per month to specimenize 1000 persons. With the above pledge, I have all but \$48.00 for the first month.

Now wake up if you can not send \$10.00 or 5.00 or \$1.00 for it is only a nickel.

Remember that five cents will send it to one preacher one month—long enough for him to make up his mind about taking it for one year.

Roll in your funds. Address  
R. B. NEAL,  
Centerville, Ky.

# A Lady Wants to Know What I Think About the Bible, Christ and Miracles.

At Home, Jan. 25, '92.  
Elder Charles C. Moore,

Will you please state in your next issue, your views on the Bible, Christ, miracles, and what constitutes a Christian. There is much I would like to ask you, but having only a limited education can not express myself clearly.

I sometimes see the Blade, and have an intense admiration for both editor and paper. In some of your issues I agree. And will you please tell me with your vast intellect and profound knowledge, why you are not the one preacher of the "Reform" or "Campbellite" church. I am under the impression you have said something that possibly deserved excommunication. I don't know how I got the idea, but it's there. Please answer my inquiries, and very much oblige one of your most devoted admirers, in the fearless manner of conducting your paper.

Respectfully  
EMMA W.

I believe the code of etiquette demands that I shall assume that you are a married lady, and galantly demands that I shall presume that your entire note is sincere. You will therefore, Madam, allow me to decline the statement that you have "only a limited education," and to proceed on the supposition that your tribute to my activity and attainments are an ebullition of a very generous heart, rather than the more deliberate convictions of your brain.

I take great pleasure in considering just such questions as you propound; but of course you know that the columns of a newspaper are too limited for more than an outline reference.

Those questions, and other germain thereto, I have succinctly elaborated—if that be not a contradiction in terms—in my book the "Rational View," and if you will furnish me privately your address to be kept confidentially, if you desire it, or that of some friend to whom I may send the book for you, without your disclosing your identity, I shall be happy to present to one so kind and so highly appreciative, a copy of the book with my compliments autographically spread upon its fly leaf.

But for the present I will give you an outline of my ideas of the four subjects about which you ask me.

For the sake of terseness I shall speak dogmatically.

The Bible is not in any sense of the word, an inspired book. It does not claim to be inspired, even in the most latitudinarian of all the modern theories of inspiration.

The authorship of the first five books of the Bible, technically known as the Pentateuch, is absolutely unknown, and without any clue. The internal evidence shows that Moses, to whom they are commonly imputed, could not have written all of them since they give an account of the death of Moses.

The cosmogony, or "Genesis," is purely mythical, with no scientific substratum, and the myths have their counterparts among other nations.

For the history of the Jews as given in the Bible, there is considerable foundation in fact, regarding even the early part of the history; while in the latter part of the history it becomes about as authentic as other histories of those times, none of which were without the most glaring evidences of unauthenticity.

The Jews according to their own accounts of themselves, and

from all concurrent testimony, were the most cruel, blood-thirsty, and unjust, of all the races.

They were intensely superstitious, great liars, and very bigoted and selfish.

Their characteristics therefore, were very unfavorable for historians.

That part of the Bible called the New Testament, being of much later date, is much more easily understood. There is a substantial historical foundation, which is supported by concurrent testimony, for all the historical part of the New Testament; all accounts of any miracle, of course, being unauthentic.

The central figure of the New Testament was probably named Joshua.

It was Latinized into Jesus. The word Christ was not a part of his name. He was called Christ in derision, from a Greek word which means "anointed," allusion to royalty and he was so called in derision, because, though he was a poor man, and a common laborer, he claimed, for him, that he was of royal descent.

Of course he was born, and he died just as other men are now born and die. That such a character as Jesus lived; that he was a teacher of the morals and of the theology imputed to him in the books of the New Testament, that he was crucified by the Jews, is too well established, by the New Testament, and concurrent testimony, to be further mooted. At the time of his birth the Jews were looking for a man among their own people, who would throw off the Roman yoke, and establish the independence of the Jews. They had looked for such a man for centuries before Jesus was born, and they continued to look for such a man after they had killed Jesus.

The disciples of Jesus—or some of them at least—wanted Jesus to seize the throne of Judea; and they expected him to do so. More especially was the true of Peter, his chief spokesman, an irascible and excitable man, and of James and John, the sons of Zebedee, who were the most lovely two men of all his disciples, and the two most loved by Jesus.

Jesus himself hesitated and vacillated, as to the propriety of taking the throne of Judeah if it should be given him by acclamation; as there seemed great probability it would be, though of course it could not have been held against the Roman arms. There are some intimations that Jesus would have allowed his disciples to use arms in his defense, and others that he was opposed to it. The charge of the Jews, by which they induced the Romans to allow them to crucify him, that he had designs upon the throne of Caesar, was not entirely without foundation.

The Roman law and government was, at that time, so high and perfect that our law in America is, at this day, founded upon it. The Roman rulers in Judea at that time, as we see in reading the New Testament, were just and sensible men, and they knew about Jesus, and in sentiment at least, sympathized with him.

Their policy toward the Jews, as toward all others that they subjugated, was to conciliate them as far as they could, consistently with the justice and dignity of the Roman government. Jesus had a fair trial, and if he had denied before the Roman tribunal that he had no purpose of assuming political power, the Romans would not have punished him. But they asked him "Art thou the Christ?"—meaning "Are you a King?" or "Do you claim to be a King?" and he did not claim it. His answer was either evasive, or an admission that he claimed a right to the throne of Judea.

Such demonstration as that which is described in the New Testament by the publishers of the New Testament as "The Triumphal Entry into Jerusalem," and which showed that the populace wanted to make him King of Judea, gave to the Roman government ample reason to suspect Jesus of complicity in what was liable to result in insurrection, and he was fairly and lawfully tried, condemned and executed under the law.

The masses of the Jews, and even all the Romans that personally knew anything about Jesus, loved him, and loved him devotedly.

Women love him to adoration. A Roman ruler was so touched with his purity and guilelessness, that when he saw him by law, he observed that was probably a custom in such cases, by taking a basin of water, and washing his hands, to show that he would not stand responsible for his punishment.

The priests of that day made their living out of theology, as the priests and preachers of this day do. The religion that Jesus was teaching, was so unlike that the priests were teaching that it did away with any necessity for priests and temple services, and they opposed him both because the religion of Jesus was a rebuke to thieves, and because they were likely to lose their living by it.

In all of history there is no char-

acter that approaches in beauty that of Jesus of Nazareth. The nearest approach to it in ancient history is that of Socrates. He spent his life trying to do good for humanity, and was officially executed because, in so doing he had to oppose the ignorance and bigotry of those around him.

The most enthusiastic admirers of Socrates, in contemplating his death naturally say, "He died like a philosopher."

The most enthusiastic admirers of Jesus, in contemplating his death naturally say, "He died like a God."

In all history the nearest approach to Jesus, in martyred purity, is John Brown, executed in Virginia, for trying to free his fellow men.

In all history the nearest approach to the life of Jesus, is Count Tolstoy of Russia, now living, and taking the life of Jesus as a model.

The man who can speak contemptuously of Jesus, or his life work, is either ignorant or brutal.

There never was a miracle, Jesus did not claim to work miracles. That was claimed for him by his less intelligent and less conscientious admirers, as had then been the case of other followers of other great reformers. Jesus recognized that Joseph was his father. He claimed to be a son of God, or the son of God, just as his disciples and all men who lived righteously, were by him called "sons of God." (1 John 3:1-2.)

The story of the "immaculate conception," as commonly believed by the Catholic and Protestant churches at this day, originated in the Catholic church. Jesus Christ was "born of a virgin" as the expression was familiarly understood at that day.

The first child born of any mother, was, in the language of that day, born of a virgin.

There never was a miracle. A God could no more work a miracle than a man or an animal could. One miracle is just as easily "worked" as another.

That man should be able to construct a triangle, the three angles of which should be equal to two right angles, would be a miracle.

That a man should be able to make three piles of silver dollars, with only ten dollars in each pile, so that their aggregate would be forty dollars, would be the simplest kind of a miracle. A God could not do it any more than a man.

That a man should take three small and cooked fishes and break them in two, so as to give half of a fish to each of three thousand people would be a miracle.

You could do it as easily as a God could.

"God can not lie." A miracle would simply be a lie performed, instead of spoken.

None of the miracles imputed to Jesus in the New Testament are of the highest order of dignity. Some of them are contemptible; as in the case of getting the money out of the fish's mouth, and some of them are unjust and immoral, as in the case of killing a fig tree, that did not belong to him, by cursing it.

In answer to the last question, I will say that Webster makes the first definition of "Christian" to be, "a believer in the religion of Christ." James in the New Testament, defines the word religion as follows: "Pure religion and undefiled before God the Father is this: to visit the fatherless and the widow in their afflictions, and to keep ourselves unspotted from the world."

If we combine the definition of Webster and that of James I am a Christian, and yet if the question were to be decided by a popular vote, of course I would be pronounced an "infidel," and in compliance with the popular sentiment on the subject, I profess to be an "infidel."

# PROHIBITION NOTES.

The preacher that supports a license party perpetrates a farce when he fights the saloon.—Nashville Tennessean.

If you license rum drinking to make men sober, why not license thieving to make them honest, and prostitution to make them virtuous.—Senator Frye.

The Pennsylvania supreme court decides that rum-sellers are liable for damages in case of injuries resulting from the sale of liquor to intoxicated persons.

EXPERIENCE has taught that the closing of the saloons on Sunday has good results. It is better to have a day of abstinence, than to have a day of lawlessness. Why not try it on Monday, then?—N. Y. Voice.

The Wine and Spirit Gazette says that saloon-keepers in Pittsburgh, who had made \$3,500 to \$5,000 a year, now clear ten times as much under high license.

The prohibition club of Canton, O., recently organized with nine members, now numbers sixty-seven, and has just dedicated a prohibition hall in the Y. M. C. A. building.

TRUMBULL county, O., prohibitionists have reorganized with O. C. Phelps as chairman and L. D. Oviatt, secretary. The county will be thoroughly organized upon the White Rose league plan.

THE total prohibition vote of Nebraska this year was 3,323, more than double the vote last year, and forming the largest per cent of the total vote ever polled in the state.—The New England Home.

THE prohibition out of politics" shriek the politicians. "Take your hell-dives out of politics," we answer back; "take the dirty beast out of your bosoms and the blow aimed at it won't be felt."

WINE the Almighty to sift all the four million whisky party church ballots to discover how much religious consistency they represented. He couldn't find enough to dust the eyelids of a church mouse.—The Issue.

PROHIBITION itself is repugnant to a large majority in both political parties. It has no more determined foes than the republicans. Constitutional prohibition suffered a crushing defeat in Pennsylvania and Massachusetts chiefly through republican votes. This ought not to be overlooked.—N. Y. Wine and Spirit Gazette.

# KIDD & GRAVES.

DEALERS IN

# Ornamental, Bronze and Plain Hardware

CUTLERY, GUNS, AMUNITION.

MANTELS TAN GR. TILING

Carpenter and Blacksmiths' Tools, Rope, Chains, Belting, Pumps, Churns, Scales, Coal Vases and Hacks Fire Irons, Bird Cages, and Home Furnishing Goods, Barbed and and Smooth Wire, and Ready-Mixed Paint.

LANDRETH'S NEW CROP GARDEN SEED.

56 & 58 E. Main St. Telephone 184

# CASSELL & PRICE,

The Largest Dealers in Central Kentucky, in the

# Latest Style Dry Goods and Notions

New Goods, Choicest Styles and sold at the Lowest Prices for first-class goods. We invite the public to call and inspect our stock.

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LEXINGTON, KY.

# H. W. ALDENBURG,

ARCHITECT and SUPERINTENDANT.

16; West Main St.,

Represented by J. R. SCOTT.

ESTABLISHED 1833.

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Wholesale and Retail Dealer in—

Hats, Caps, Fancy Furs.

GENTLEMEN'S FURNISHING GOODS

Trunks, Valises, Umbrellas, &c.

No. 18 East Main Street.

LEXINGTON, KY.

# Painters Materials and Supplies.

Having dissolved partnership with L. P. Young, Jr., this is to notify my old patrons and friends that I will individually continue my business at

No. 9 NORTH BROADWAY,

in this city. And will keep on hand a full supply of Painters Materials, consisting of Glass, Leads, Brushes, and everything in that Department. I will contract to do House Painting in the most approved style and will furnish bids on short notice.

M. N. BASS.

# Great 50 Cents On The Dollar Sale.

—OF—

# CLOTHING.

We are going to make some improvements in our store room after January 1st. The contract is signed and sealed—with the contractors—consequently we are compelled to sell our stock or pack it away. We prefer selling it at a sacrifice. Nothing reserved. Every suit of clothes, every overcoat, every pair pants.

# MARKED IN PLAIN FIGURES

We will just split them in half. This means 50 cents on the dollar. The cheapest sale of fine ready made clothing in Kentucky.

Our business is not conducted by fakes and guessing schemes. The man that's selling watch chains on the street corner for \$1.00 and throwing in a watch just to show his generosity, needs watching. "Bunce Steers" "Razzle-Dazzle" Tricksters and Green goods sharps, always promise great returns for small investments. Intelligent minds are on to the racket and take no stock in any such humbuggery. 'Tis value that they want. One hundred cents worth of goods for one hundred cents in cash is what we give the people. But at this sale one hundred cents worth at

# 50c on the Dollar.

Every article in our establishment is ticketed at the lowest price possible. The stamp of durability is on every garment. If you have never dealt with us ask your neighbor who has. We invite you to our store, feeling assured that you will be pleased with our garments as d satisfied with the matchless values we offer.

# LOUIS & GUS STRAUS,

LEXINGTON, KY.

# LEADING CLOTHIERS,

Lexington, Ky